

[CHEAP REPOSITORY.]

THE
Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.

PART II.

By H. More

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE
SORROWS OF YAMBA,
A POEM.



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THE SHEPHERD'S HYMN.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's care
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
 And streams shall murmur all around.

THE

SHEPHERD

OF

SALISBURY-PLAIN.

 PART II.

I AM willing to hope that my readers will not be sorry to hear some farther particulars of their old acquaintance *the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. They will call to mind that at the end of the first part, he was returning home full of gratitude for the favours he had received from Mr. Johnson, whom we left pursuing his journey, after having promised to make a visit to the Shepherd's Cottage.

Mr. Johnson after having passed some time with his friends, sat out on his return to Salisbury, and on the Saturday evening reached a very small inn, a mile

or two distant from the Shepherd's Village; for he never travelled on a Sunday. He went the next morning to the Church nearest the house, where he had passed the night; and after taking such refreshment as he could get at that house, he walked on to find out the Shepherd's cottage. His reason for visiting him on a Sunday was chiefly, because he supposed it to be the only day which the Shepherd's employment allowed him to pass at home with his family, and as Mr. Johnson had been struck with his talk, he thought it would be neither unpleasant nor unprofitable to observe how a Man who carried such an appearance of piety spent his Sunday; for though he was so low in the world, this Gentleman was not above entering very closely into his character, of which he thought he should be able to form a better judgment, by seeing whether his practice at home, kept pace with his professions abroad. For it is not so much by observing how people talk, as how they live, that we ought to judge of their characters.

Vil. After a pleasant walk Mr. Johnson got within sight of the cottage, to which he was directed by the clump of hawthorns and the broken chimney. He wished to take the family by surprise; and walking gently up to the house he stood awhile to listen. The door being half open, he saw the Shepherd (who looked so respectable in his Sunday Coat that he should hardly have known him) his Wife, and their numerous young family, draw round their little table, which was covered with a clean though very coarse cloth. There stood on it a large dish of potatoes, a brown pitcher, and a piece of coarse loaf. The wife and children stood in silent attention, while the Shepherd, with uplifted hands and eyes, devoutly begged the blessing of heaven on their homely fare. Mr. Johnson could not help sighing to reflect, that he had sometimes seen better dinners eaten with less appearance of thankfulness.

The Shepherd and his wife then sat down with great seeming cheerfulness, but the children stood; and while the mother was helping them, little fresh-coloured Molly who had picked the wool from the bushes with so much delight, cried out, "Father, I wish I was big enough to say grace, I am sure I should say it very heartily to-day, for I was thinking what must *poor* people do who have no salt to their potatoes, and do but look our dish is quite full."—"This is the true way of thinking, Molly," said the Father, "in whatever concerns bodily wants, and, bodily comforts, it is our duty to compare our own lot with the lot of those who are worse off, and this will keep us thankful. On the other hand, whenever we are tempted to set up our own wisdom or goodness, we must compare ourselves with those who are wiser and better, and that will keep us humble." Molly was now so hungry, and found the potatoes so good, that she had no time to make any more remarks; but was devour-

ing her dinner very heartily; when the barking of the great dog drew her attention from her trencher to the door, and spying the stranger, she cried out, "Look father, see here, if yonder is not the good Gentleman!" Mr. Johnson finding himself discovered, immediately walked in, and was heartily welcomed by the honest Shepherd, who told his wife that this was the Gentleman to whom they were so much obliged.

The good woman began, as some very neat people are rather too apt to do, with making many apologies that her house was not cleaner, and that things were not in fitter order to receive such a Gentleman. Mr. Johnson however, on looking round, could discover nothing but the most perfect neatness. The trenchers on which they were eating were almost as white as their linen; and notwithstanding the number and smallness of the children, there was not the least appearance

of dirt or litter. The furniture was very simple and poor, hardly indeed amounting to bare necessities. It consisted of four brown wooden chairs, which, by constant rubbing, were become as bright as a looking glass; an iron pot and kettle; a poor old grate which scarcely held a handful of coals, and out of which the little fire that had been in it appeared to have been taken, as soon as it had answered the end for which it had been lighted, that of boiling their potatoes. Over the chimney stood an old fashioned broad bright candlestick, and a still brighter spit; it was pretty clear that this last was kept rather for ornament than use. An old carved elbow chair, and a chest of the same date which stood in the corner, were considered as the most valuable part of the Shepherd's goods, having been in his family for three generations. But all these were lightly esteemed by him, in comparison of another possession, which added to the above made up the whole of what he had inherited from

his father; and which last he would not have parted with, if no other could have been had, for a king's ransom: this was a large old Bible, which lay on the window seat, neatly covered with brown cloth, variously patched. This sacred book was most reverently preserved from dog's ears, dirt, and every other injury but such as time and much use had made it suffer in spite of care. On the clean white walls were pasted a hymn on the Crucifixion of our Saviour, a print of the Prodigal Son, the Shepherd's Hymn, and a *New History of a True Book*.

After the first salutations were over, Mr. Johnson said, that if they would go on quietly with their dinner he would sit down. Though a good deal ashamed, they thought it more respectful to obey the Gentleman, who having cast his eye on their slender provisions, gently rebuked the Shepherd for not having indulged himself, as it was Sunday, with a morsel of Bacon to relish his Potatoes. The Shepherd

said nothing, but poor Mary coloured, and hung down her head, saying, "indeed, Sir, it is not my fault, I did beg my husband to allow himself a bit of meat to-day out of your honour's bounty; but he was too good to do it, and it is all for my sake." The Shepherd seemed unwilling to come to an explanation, but Mr. Johnson desired Mary to go on. So she continued, "you must know, Sir, that both of us next to a sin, dread a debt, and indeed in some cases a debt is a sin; but with all our care and pains we have never been able quite to pay off the Doctor's bill, for that bad fit of the Rheumatism which I had last winter. Now when you were pleased to give my husband that kind present the other day, I heartily desired him to buy a bit of meat for Sunday, as I said before, that he might have a little refreshment for himself out of your kindness. But answered he, Mary it is never out of my mind long together that we still owe a few shillings to the Doctor, (and thank God it is all we did

owe in this world.) Now if I carry him this money directly it will not only shew him our honesty and our good will, but it will be an encouragement to him to come to you another time in case you should be taken once more in such a bad fit; for I must own, added my poor husband, that the thought of your being so terribly ill without any help is the only misfortune that I want courage to face."

Here the grateful woman's tears ran down so fast that she could not go on. She wiped them with the corner of her apron, and humbly begged pardon for making so free. "Indeed, Sir," said the Shepherd, "though my wife is full as unwilling to be in debt as myself, yet I could hardly prevail on her to consent to my paying this money just then, because she said it was hard I should not have a taste of the Gentleman's bounty myself. But for once, Sir, I would have my own way. For you must know, as I pass best part of my time alone, tending my sheep, 'tis

a great point with me, Sir, to get comfortable matter for my own thoughts; so that 'tis rather self interest in me to allow myself in no pleasures and no practices that won't bear thinking on over and over. For when one is a good deal alone you know, Sir, all one's bad deeds do so rush in upon one, as I may say, and so torment one, that there is no true comfort to be had but in keeping clear of wrong doings, and false pleasures; and that I suppose may be one reason why so many folks hate to stay a bit by themselves.—But as I was saying—when I came to think the matter over on the hill yonder, said I to myself, a good dinner is a good thing I grant, and yet it will be but cold comfort to me a week after to be able to say—to be sure I had a nice shoulder of mutton last Sunday for dinner, thanks to the good Gentleman, but then I am in debt—I had a rare dinner, that's certain, but the pleasure of that has long been over, and the debt still remains. I have spent the crown, and now if my poor wife should be taken in one of

those fits again, die she must, unless God work a miracle to prevent it, for I can get no help for her. This thought settled all; and I set off directly and paid the crown to the Doctor with as much cheerfulness as I should have felt on sitting down to the fattest shoulder of mutton that ever was roasted. And if I was contented at the time, think how much more happy I have been at the remembrance! O Sir, there are no pleasures worth the name but such as bring no plague or penitence after them.

Mr. Johnson was satisfied with the Shepherd's reasons; and agreed, that though a good dinner was not to be despised, yet it was not worthy to be compared with *a contented Mind, which* (as the Bible truly says) *is a continual feast.*" "But come," said the good Gentleman, "what have we got in this brown mug?" "As good water," said the Shepherd, "as any in the king's dominions. I have heard of countries beyond sea in which there is no wholesome

water; nay, I have been myself in a great town not far off where they are obliged to buy all the water they get, while a good Providence sends to my very door a spring as clear and fine as Jacob's well. When I am tempted to repine that I have often no other drink, I call to mind, that it was nothing better than a cup of cold water which the woman of Samaria drew for the greatest guest that ever visited this world."

"Very well," replied Mr. Johnson; "but as your honesty has made you prefer a poor meal to being in debt, I will at least send and get something for you to drink. I saw a little public-house just by the church, as I came along. Let that little rosy-faced fellow fetch a mug of beer."

So saying he looked full at the Boy who did not offer to stir; but cast an eye at his father to know what he was to do. "Sir," said the Shepherd, "I hope we shall not appear ungrateful, if we seem to re-

use your favour; my little boy would, I am sure, fly to serve you on any other occasion. But, good Sir, it is Sunday, and should any of my family be seen at a public-house on a Sabbath-day, it would be a much greater grief to me than to drink water all my life. I am often talking against these doings to others, and if I should say one thing and do another, you cant think what an advantage it would give many of my neighbours over me, who would be glad enough to report that they caught the Shepherd's Son at the Ale-house, without explaining how it happened. Christians, you know, Sir, must be doubly watchful, or they will not only bring disgrace on themselves, but what is much worse, on that holy name by which they are called."

"Are you not a little too cautious, my honest friend?" said Mr. Johnson. "I humbly ask your pardon, Sir," replied the Shepherd, "if I think that is impossible. In my poor notion

I no more understand how a man can be too cautious, than how he can be too strong, or too healthy.

“ You are right indeed,” said Mr. Johnson, “ as a general principle, but this struck me as a very small thing.” “ Sir,” said the Shepherd, “ I am afraid you will think me very bold, but you encourage me to speak out.”—“ ’Tis what I wish,” said the Gentleman.—“ Then, Sir,” resumed the Shepherd, “ I doubt, if where there is a temptation to do wrong any thing can be called small; that is, in short, if there is any such thing as a small wilful sin. A poor man like me is seldom called out to do great things, so that it is not by a few great deeds his character can be judged by his neighbours, but by the little round of daily customs he allows himself in.”—While they were thus talking, the children who had stood very quietly behind, and had not stirred a foot, now began to scamper about all at

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once, and in a moment ran to the window-seat to pick up their little old hats. Mr. Johnson looked surprised at this disturbance; the Shepherd asked his pardon, telling him it was the sound of the Church Bell which had been the cause of their rudeness; for their Mother had brought them up with such fear of being too late for Church, that it was but who could catch the first stroke of the bell, and be first ready. He had always taught them to think that nothing was more indecent than to get into Church after it was begun; for as the service opened with an exhortation to repentance, and a confession of sin, it looked very presumptuous not to be ready to join in it; it looked as if people did not feel themselves to be sinners. And though such as lived at a great distance might plead difference of clocks as an excuse, yet those who lived within the sound of the bell, could pretend neither ignorance nor mistake.

Mary and her children set forward. Mr. Johnson and the Shepherd followed, taking care to talk the whole way on such subjects as might fit them for the solemn duties of the place to which they were going. "I have often been sorry to observe," said Mr. Johnson, "that many who are reckoned decent, good kind of people, and who would on no account neglect going to church, yet seem to care but little in what frame or temper of mind they go thither. They will talk of their worldly concerns till they get within the door, and then take them up again the very minute the sermon is over, which makes me ready to fear they lay too much stress on the mere form of going to a place of worship. Now, for my part, I always find that it requires a little time to bring my mind into a state fit to do any *common* business well, much more this great and most necessary business of all." "Yes, Sir," said the Shepherd, "and then I think too how busy I should be in preparing my mind, if I was going

into the presence of a great gentleman, or a Lord, or the king; and shall the King of Kings be treated with less respect? Besides, one likes to see people feel as if going to Church was a thing of choice and pleasure, as well as a duty, and that they were as desirous not to be the last there, as they would be if they were a going to a feast or a fair."

After service, Mr. Jenkins the Clergyman, who was well acquainted with the character of Mr. Johnson, and had a great respect for him, accosted him with much civility; expressing his concern that he could not enjoy just now so much of his conversation as he wished, as he was obliged to visit a sick person at a distance, but hoped to have a little talk with him before he left the Village. As they walked along together, Mr. Johnson made such inquiries about the Shepherd, as served to confirm him in the high opinion he entertained of his piety, good sense, industry, and self-denial. They parted, the Clergyman promising to call in at the Cottage in his way home.

The Shepherd, who took it for granted that Mr. Johnson was gone to the Parsonage, walked home with his wife and children, and was beginning in his usual way to catechise and instruct his family, when Mr. Johnson came in, and insisted that the Shepherd should go on with his instructions, just as if he were not there. This Gentleman who was very desirous of being useful to his own Servants and workmen in the way of religious instruction, was sometimes sorry to find that though he took a good deal of pains, they did not now and then quite understand him, for though his meaning was very good, the language was not always very plain; and though the *things* he said were not hard to be understood, yet the *words* were, especially to such as were very ignorant. And he now began to find out, that if people were ever so wise and good, yet if they had not a simple, agreeable, and familiar way of expressing themselves, some of their plain hearers would not be much the better for them. For this reason he was not above listening to the plain, humble way in which this honest man

taught his family, for though he knew that he himself had many advantages over the Shepherd, had more learning, and could teach him many things, yet he was not too proud to learn even of so poor a Man, in any point where he thought the Shepherd might have the advantage of him.

This Gentleman was much pleased with the knowledge and piety he discovered in the answers of the children; and desired the Shepherd to tell him how he contrived to keep up a sense of divine things in his own mind and in that of his family with so little leisure and so little reading. "O as to that, Sir," said the Shepherd, "we do not read much except in one book to be sure; but by hearty prayer for God's blessing on the use of that book, what little knowledge is needful seems to come of course, as it were. And my chief study has been to bring the fruits of the Sunday reading into the week's business, and to keep up the same sense of God in the heart, when the Bible is in the cupboard as when it is in the hand. In short, to apply what I read

in the book, to what I meet with in the Field."

"I don't quite understand you," said Mr. Johnson. "Sir," replied the Shepherd, "I have but a poor gift at conveying these things to others, though I have much comfort from them in my own mind; but I am sure that the most ignorant and hard working people, who are in earnest about their salvation, may help to keep up devout thoughts and good affections during the week, though they have hardly any time to look at a book.—And it will help them to keep out bad thoughts too, which is no small matter. But then they must know the Bible; they must have read the word of God; that is a kind of stock in trade for a Christian to set up with; and it is this which makes me so diligent in teaching it to my children; and even in storing their memories with Psalms and Chapters. This is a great help to a poor hard-working Man, who will hardly meet with any thing but what he may turn to some good account. If one lives in the fear and the love of God, almost every thing one sees abroad

h in will teach one to adore his power and
 goodness, and bring to mind some texts
 of Scripture, which shall fill the heart
 with thankfulness, and the mouth with
 praise. When I look upwards *the Hea-*
vens declare the glory of God; and shall
 I be silent and ungrateful? if I look round
 and see the Vallies standing thick with
 Corn, how can I help blessing that Power,
 who *giveth me all things richly to enjoy*?
 I may learn gratitude from the beasts of
 the Field, for the *Ox knoweth his Owner,*
and the Ass his Master's Crib, and shall
 a Christian not consider, what great things
 God has done for him? I, who am a Shep-
 herd, endeavour to fill my soul with a
 constant remembrance of that good Shep-
 herd, who *feedeth me in green pastures,*
and maketh me to lie down beside the still
waters, and whose rod and staff comfort
me."

"You are happy," said Mr. John-
 son, "in this retired life by which you
 escape the corruptions of the world."
 "Sir," said the Shepherd, "I do not e-
 scape the corruptions of my own evil na-
 ture. Even there on that wild solitary

hill, I can find out that my heart is prone to evil thoughts. I suppose, Sir, that different states have different temptations. You great folks that live in the world, perhaps are exposed to some, of which such a poor man as I am, know nothing. But to one who leads a lonely life like me, evil thoughts are a chief besetting Sin; and I can no more withstand these without the grace of God, than a rich Gentleman can withstand the snares of evil company, without the same grace. And I feel that I stand in need of God's help continually, and if he should give me up to my own evil heart I should be lost."

Mr. Johnson approved of the Shepherd's sincerity, for he had always observed that where there was no humility, and no watchfulness against Sin, there was no religion, and he said that the Man who did not feel himself to be a sinner in his opinion, could not be a christian.

Just as they were in this part of their discourse, Mr. Jenkins, the Clergyman

came in. After the usual salutations, he said, " Well Shepherd, I wish you joy ; I know you will be sorry to gain any advantage by the death of a neighbour ; but old Wilson my Clerk, was so infirm, and I trust so well prepared, that there is no reason to be sorry for his death. I have been to pray by him, but he died while I staid. I have always intended you should succeed to his place ; 'tis no great matter, but every little is something."

" No great matter, Sir," " cried the Shepherd, " indeed it is a great thing to me ; it will more than pay my rent. Blessed be God for all his goodness. Mary said nothing, but lifted up her eyes full of tears in silent gratitude.

" I am glad of this little circumstance," said Mr. Jenkins, " not only for your sake, but for the sake of the office itself. I so heartily reverence every religious institution, that I would never have even the *Amen* added to the excellent prayers of our Church, by vain or profane lips, and if it depended on me, there should be no such thing in the land as an idle, drunken, or irreligious Parish Clerk. Sorry

I am to say, that this matter is not always sufficiently attended to, and that I know some of a very indifferent character."

Mr. Johnson now inquired of the Clergyman whether there were many children in the Parish. "More than you would expect," replied he, "from the seeming smallness of it, but there are some little Hamlets which you do not see." "I think," returned Mr. Johnson, "I recollect that in the conversation I had with the Shepherd on the hill yonder, he told me you had no Sunday School." "I am sorry to say we have none," said the Minister; "I do what I can to remedy this misfortune by public catechising; but having two or three Churches to serve, I cannot give so much time as I wish to private instruction; and having a large family of my own, and no assistance from others, I have never been able to establish a School."

"There is an excellent institution in London," said Mr. Johnson, "called the Sunday-School Society, which kindly gives books and other helps, on the ap-

always in need of their aid, and which I am sure
 know would have assisted you, but I think we
 " shall be able to do something ourselves.—
 Cler. Shepherd," continued he, " if I was a
 children King, and had it in my power to make
 would you a rich and great Man, with a word
 ming speaking, I would not do it. Those who
 little are raised by some sudden stroke, much
 " I above the station in which divine Provi-
 recol. dence had placed them, seldom turn out
 with very good, or very happy. I have never
 e told had any great things in my power, but
 I am as far as I have been able, I have been al-
 Mi. ways glad to assist the worthy. I have
 this however never attempted or desired to set
 but any poor Man much above his natural con-
 ervice, dition, but it is a pleasure to me to lend
 sh to him such assistance as may make that con-
 large dition more easy to himself, and to put
 from him in a way which shall call him to the
 blish performance of more duties than perhaps
 he could have performed without my help,
 and of performing them in a better man-
 n in ner.—What Rent do you pay for this
 the Cottage?"
 ndly

ap- " Fifty Shillings a Year, Sir."

(20)
“ It is in a sad tattered condition, is there not a better to be had in the Village ?”

“ That in which the poor Clerk lived,” said the Clergyman, “ is not only more tight and whole, but has two decent chambers, and a very large light kitchen.” —“ That will be very convenient,” replied Mr. Johnson, “ pray what is the rent ?” “ I think,” said the Shepherd, “ poor neighbour Wilson gave somewhat about four pounds a year, or it might be five guineas.” —“ Very well,” said Mr. Johnson, “ and what will the Clerk’s place be worth, think you ?” “ About three pounds,” was the answer.

“ Now,” continued Mr. Johnson, “ my plan is, that the Shepherd should take that house immediately ; for as the poor Man is dead, there will be no need of waiting till quarter day, if I make up the difference.” “ True, Sir,” said Mr. Jenkins, “ and I am sure my Wife’s Father, whom I expect to-morrow, will willingly assist a little towards buying some of the Clerk’s old goods. And the sooner they remove

on, is
 e Vil- the better, for poor Mary caught that
 bad rheumatism by sleeping under a leaky
 hatch." The Shepherd was too much
 moved, moved to speak, and Mary could hardly
 more sob out, "Oh! Sir, you are too good,
 cham- indeed this house will do very well."
 hen." "It may do very well for you and your
 "re- children Mary," said Mr. Johnson, grave-
 s the ly, "but it will not do for a School; the
 pherd, kitchen is neither large nor light enough.
 ewhat Shepherd," continued he, "with your
 ght be good Minister's leave, and kind assistance,
 John- I propose to set up in this parish a Sunday
 ce be School, and to make you the Master. It
 three will not at all interfere with your weekly
 calling; and it is the only lawful way in
 which you could turn the Sabbath into
 "my a day of some little profit to your family,
 e that by doing, as I hope, a great deal of good
 Man to the Souls of others. The rest of the
 waiting week you will work as usual. The dif-
 ference of rent between this house and
 nkins the Clerk's I shall pay myself, for to put
 whom you into a better house at your own ex-
 pence would be no great act of kindness.
 clerk's —As for honest Mary, who is not fit for
 move hard labour, or any out-of door work, I
 propose to endow a small weekly school,
 of which she shall be the Mistress, and em-

ploy her notable turn to good account, by teaching ten or a dozen girls to knit, sew, spin, card, or any other useful way of getting their bread; for all this I shall only pay her the usual price, for I am not going to make you rich but useful."

"Not rich, Sir?" cried the Shepherd. "How can I ever be thankful enough for such blessings? And will my poor Mary have a dry thatch over her head? and shall I be able to send for the Doctor when I am like to lose her? Indeed my cup runs over with blessings, I hope God will give me humility." Here he and Mary looked at each other and burst into tears. The Gentlemen saw their distress, and kindly walked out upon the little green before the door, that these honest people might give vent to their feelings. As soon as they were alone they crept into one corner of the room, where they thought they could not be seen, and fell on their knees, devoutly blessing and praising God for his mercies. Never were heartier prayers presented, than this grateful couple offered up for their benefactors. The warmth of their gratitude could only be equalled by the earnestness with which they besought the blessing of

t, by God on the work in which they were going to engage.

The two Gentlemen now left this happy family, and walked to the Parsonage, where the evening was spent in a manner very edifying to Mr. Johnson, who the next day took all proper measures for putting the Shepherd in immediate possession of his now comfortable habitation. Mr. Jenkins's father-in-law, the worthy Gentleman who gave the Shepherd's Wife the blankets, in the first part of this history, arrived at the Parsonage before Mr. Johnson left it, and assisted in fitting up the Clerk's Cottage.

Mr. Johnson took his leave, promising to call on the worthy Minister and his new Clerk once a year, in his Summer's journey over the Plain, as long as it should please God to spare his life.—We hope he will never fail to give us an account of these visits which we shall be glad to lay before our readers, if they should contain instruction or amusement.

Z.

F I N I S.

THE
S O R R O W S O F Y A M B A ;
OR,

The Negro Woman's Lamentation.

- “ I N St. Lucie's distant isle,
“ Still with Afric's love I burn ;
“ Parted many a thousand mile,
“ Never, never to return.
“ Come kind death ! and give me rest,
“ Yamba has no friend but thee ;
“ Thou canst ease my throbbing breast,
“ Thou canst set the prisoner free.
“ Down my cheeks the tears are dripping,
“ Broken is my heart with grief ;
“ Mangled my poor flesh with whipping,
“ Come kind death ! and bring relief.
“ Born on Afric's golden coast,
“ Once I was as blest as you ;
“ Parents tender I could boast,
“ Husband dear, and children too.
“ Whity man he came from far,
“ Sailing o'er the briny flood,
“ Who, with help of British tar,
“ Buys up human flesh and blood.
“ With the baby at my breast,
“ (Other two were sleeping by)
“ In my hut I sat at rest,
“ With no thought of danger nigh.
“ From the bush at even tide
“ Rush'd the fierce man-stealing crew ;

Seiz'd the children by my side,

" Seiz'd the wretched Yamba too.

Then for love of filthy gold,

" Strait they bore me to the sea ;

Cramm'd me down a slave-ship's hold,

" Where were hundreds stow'd like me.

Naked on the platform lying,

" Now we cross the tumbling wave ;

Shrieking, sickening, fainting, dying,

" Deed of shame for Britons brave.

At the savage captain's beck,

" Now like brutes they make us prance ;

Smack the cat about the deck,

" And in scorn they bid us dance.

I in groaning pass the night,

" And did roll my aching head ;

At the break of morning light,

" My poor child was cold and dead.

Happy, happy, there she lies !

" Thou shalt feel the lash no more.

Thus full many a negro dies,

" Ere we reach the destin'd shore.

Driven like cattle to a fair,

" See, they sell us young and old ;

Child from mother too they tear,

" All for love of filthy gold.

I was sold to massa hard,

" Some have massas kind and good :

And again my back was scarr'd,

" Bad and stinted was my food.

Poor and wounded, faint and sick,

" All expos'd to burning sky,

Massa bids me grass to pick,

" And I now am near to die.

What and if to death he send me,

" Savage murder tho' it be,

" British laws shall ne'er befriend me ;
 " They protect not slaves like me !"
 Mourning thus my wretched state,
 (Ne'er may I forget the day)
 Once in dusk of evening late,
 Far from home I dar'd to stray ;
 Dared, alas ! with impious haste,
 Towards the roaring sea to fly ;
 Death itself I long'd to taste,
 Long'd to cast me in and die.
 There I met upon the strand
 English missionary good,
 He had Bible book in hand,
 Which poor me no understood.
 Then he led me to his cot,
 Sooth'd and pity'd all my woe ;
 Told me 'twas the christian's lot
 Much to suffer here below.
 Told me then of God's dear Son,
 (Strange and wond'rous is the story
 What sad wrong to him was done,
 Tho' he was the Lord of glory.
 Told me too, like one who knew him,
 (Can such love as this be true ?)
 How he dy'd for them that slew him,
 Died for wretched Yamba too.
 Freely he his mercy proffer'd
 And to sinners he was sent ;
 E'en to massa pardon's offer'd ;
 O if massa would repent !
 Wicked deed full many a time
 Sinful Yamba too hath done ;
 But She wails to God her crime ;
 But she trusts his only Son.
 O ye slaves whom massas beat,
 Ye are stain'd with guilt within,

As ye hope for mercy sweet,
 So forgive your massa's sin.
 And with grief when sinking low,
 Mark the road that Yamba trod ;
 Think how all her pain and woe
 Brought the captive home to God.
 Now let Yamba too adore
 Gracious heaven's mysterious plan ;
 Now I'll count thy mercies o'er,
 Flowing thro' the guilt of man.
 Now I'll bless my cruel capture,
 (Hence I've known a Saviour's name)
 'Tis my grief is turn'd to rapture,
 And I half forget the blame.
 But tho' here a convert rare
 Thanks her God for grace divine,
 Let not man the glory share,
 Sinner, still the guilt is thine.
 Duly now baptiz'd am I
 By good missionary man :
 Lord, my nature purify
 As no outward water can !
 All my former thoughts abhorr'd,
 Teach me now to pray and praise ;
 Joy and glory in my Lord,
 Trust and serve him all my days.
 But tho' death this hour may find me,
Still with Afric's love I burn,
 (There I've left a spouse behind me)
 Still to native land I turn.
 And when Yamba sinks in death,
 This my latest prayer shall be,
 While I yield my parting breath,
O that Afric might be free.
 Cease, ye British sons of murder !
 Cease from forging Afric's chain ;

Mock your Saviour's name no further,
 Cease your savage lust of gain.
 Ye that boast "*Ye rule the waves,*"
 Bid no slave-ship foil the sea,
 Ye that "*never will be slaves,*"
 Bid poor Afric's land be free.
 Where ye gave to war its birth,
 Where your traders fix'd their den,
 There go publish "*Peace on earth,*"
 Go proclaim "*good will to men,*"
 Where ye once have carried slaughter,
 Vice, and slavery, and sin;
 Seiz'd on husband, wife, and daughter,
 Let the gospel enter in.
 Thus where Yamba's native home,
 Humble hut of rushes stood,
 Oh if there should chance to roam
 Some dear missionary good,
 Thou, in Afric's distant land,
 Still shalt see the man I love;
 Join him to the christian band,
 Guide his soul to realms above,
 There no fiend again shall sever
 Those whom God hath Join'd and bless:
 There they dwell with him for ever,
 There "*the weary are at rest.*"

Sunday Reading.

L. Chapin

THE
PARABLE
OF THE
Labourers *in the Vineyard.*



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T H E

PARABLE OF THE LABOURERS, &c.

THE Kingdom of Heaven is compared by our Saviour to “ *An householder which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. And again he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market place, and said unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard. And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right that shall ye receive.*”

By the *Householder* here spoken of our Saviour himself intended, and by the *Laborers hired into the vineyard* those persons are meant who enter into his ser-

vice. These Labourers are said to be found *standing idle in the market-place*; for the Gospel finds men idle, that is, not employed in God's service: they are working busily enough perhaps for themselves; for men will rise up early, and go to bed late, for the sake of getting money, or following pleasure, but then their diligence is of a wrong kind; they are not diligent in the way of duty to their Maker: they may be likened to a certain kind of servants, who though they may seem busy, and may get from ignorant persons some credit for being so, are nevertheless merely running on their own errands, and doing their own work, so that they are no better than idle in respect to the work which they ought to be doing for their Householder, or Master. But when they become true Christians they are no longer like those idle fellows who are always sauntering about, with their arms folded, in the Market-place pretending that they are in want of employment, no man having as yet hired them; but they may be compared now to a set of Labourers in a vineyard, or garden, who, whenever you look at them are sure to be seen either digging, or

planting, or watering, or doing in short whatever is most wanted in the place where they are working: and they have always an eye moreover to the Honor and Interest of the great Householder, their Master.

We come now to another important point in the Parable. The Householder is said to *go out at different hours of the day* to hire these servants. This signifies that the light of Revelation was sent at different periods of the world to the different people in it, and in particular to the Jews at one period, and the Gentile Nations at another. The Jews had been much offended at seeing Christ address himself to the Gentiles, who, as they thought, not having been called into the church, or Vineyard, of God at an early period of the world, ought not to be received at a latter hour. Our Saviour therefore makes use of this Parable, or Story, as a convenient means of shewing how unreasonable these Jewish prejudices were.

I mean here, however, to accommodate the Parable to the purpose of shewing in

what manner the Gospel often addressees itself to men in different periods of life, calling one at an early age, and one at a much later, into the same vineyard of Christ. We are in no danger of erring exactly as the Jews did, by raising objections to Christ's calling the great body of the Gentile Nations into his church. We may be in great danger, however, of acting much in the same spirit with the Jews, and if we do so, that spirit is most likely to shew itself in our objecting to extend the Privileges of the Gospel to some poor outcasts, or aged sinners among ourselves.

Let us then here describe the case of several persons whom we will suppose to engage in the Service of Christ, some at an earlier, and some at a much later hour of life; and since there are many, no doubt, who put off their repentance because they judge that it is always time enough to repent, let us take special care to shew how much more melancholy their case will become through every year's delay; not to mention, as we might largely do, how uncertain their very continuance in life is, and how doubtful also it may

be, whether if they go on hardening themselves more and more, God will give them hereafter that necessary help of his Grace, without which, even if they live ever so long, they will have no heart to repent.

First then I will put the case of one who is brought to obey the Gospel in the morning of life, and is one of the youngest of the Labourers in our Lord's Vineyard. He sets out well, as I will suppose, and he goes on well through all the following stages of his life; even his most early prayers are not a mere matter of form, but they spring out of a persuasion already rising up in his mind that he entirely depends on God, and needs the help of his Holy Spirit. It pleases God, in answer to his infant prayers, to strengthen this child against his early temptations, so that he does as Christ commands, and not as wicked children may require or expect of him. Such a child as this will also be diligent in learning his Book and improving his time, for he will be like the labouring men in the Vineyard spoken of in the Parable, and not like the idle ones in the market place.

Now what a vast quantity of good may such a person be the means of doing in the course of a long life on earth. First of all he is a blessing to his young connections and school fellows, for he will often reprove vice and irreligion in them, even though it should be much against the modesty of his own natural inclinations; then he grows up to be a bold witness for God in the face of all the gay and unthinking young men or women among whom he is thrown in early life; next he proceeds to do good about the village or town where he is settled: after this perhaps he marries, in consequence of which his wife, and all her connections, and his own offspring also have the advantage of observing him; they remark his humble, candid, pious, and affectionate spirit, and his diligent and self-denying life, and they profit both by his kind services and his example. Now too his income very probably increases through his good character and industry, and hence he is able to assist the poor, the fatherless, and widow, and to pay for the instruction of the ignorant; for he spends little on himself: having no vices he has few wants; and his family being trained

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o religious habits, and preserved from
 he gay and expensive customs of the
 world, have few wants also. Thus is
 happiness of all kinds spread abroad. He
 explains also, as he has opportunity, those
 Christian Doctrines which have led him
 into this life of usefulness, and is a great
 promoter of the Gospel, so that a little
 world of Christians is continually gather-
 ing together all around him, and even a
 new generation is coming forward which
 shall, by-and-by, rise up and call him
 blessed. In the midst of this usefulness,
 however, he is very modest and lowly, he
 gives God the praise of every good thing
 he does, and he is sincerely pained when
 flattering and inconsiderate people load
 him with their extravagant commendati-
 ons, for he sees a thousand faults in him-
 self, which he is much engaged in over-
 coming, though others perceive them not:
 he is conscious of neglecting many an
 opportunity of doing good, and of failing
 to suppress sufficiently many an evil
 thought, and though some irreligious peo-
 ple may fancy that he already carries
 things too far as they absurdly term it,
 yet there is nothing of which he is him-
 self more sure than that he falls short in

every duty, and especially in those things of which they least see the importance, mean in zeal for religion, in the duties of prayer and praise, and in all the feelings and expressions of gratitude to his Creator and Redeemer. But while we are thus describing the amiable character of a christian, let it be remarked also, that he meets with various difficulties, and is exposed to not a few misrepresentations. His virtuous singularity, for instance, is considered by some, who do not understand his principles, to be unnecessary preciseness, and is thought to arise from a conceited or disobliging spirit; his courage in reproofing vice, if unsuccessful, is called by those whom he reproves impertinence; his activity in doing good is not seldom ascribed to forwardness, and even his extraordinary liberality is accounted for, by those who do not care to follow his example, by saying, that it is mere vanity, or lavish imprudence; and, above all, his piety is apt to be thought by the impious and irreligious to be mere hypocrisy, or at best a poor pitiable sort of weakness. Thus then while the christian has many peculiar hopes, and joys, and consolations on the one hand,

things he experiences many trials and hardships
 nce, on the other. Nevertheless, he bears up
 duties under them all; many of them indeed
 e feel appear light to him in comparison of what
 to his they seem to other men, and grow more
 le we and more light as he becomes used to
 racter them. He goes on therefore cheerful and
 also, contented; he labours much, he suffers
 ulties, much, he renounces much, he contends
 refen- much in the cause of Christ, and he does
 or in- this in every place to which he moves, in
 o not every changing situation and circumstance,
 ecess- and in every season of life through which
 arise he passes, and now at last after a long
 ; his life, Death closes in upon him; he looks
 esful, with thankfulness back to what is past,
 s im- and with composure to the important and
 good decisive hour that is approaching: he trusts
 nefs, indeed not in himself but in a Saviour, for
 ty is after all he is but "*an unprofitable ser-*
 care vant, having done no more than it was his
 at it duty to do," but he has much comfortable
 nce; proof that his christian faith has not been
 o be a mere name, and he is able to take up
 us to the same language with the apostle, and
 piti- to say with a measure of the same confi-
 hile dence, "I have fought the good fight, I
 and "have finished my course, I have kept
 and, "the faith, henceforth there is laid up for

“ me a crown of righteousness, which the
 “ Lord the righteous Judge shall give me
 “ in the great day.” This then is one of
 those, who, to borrow the phrase in the
 parable, may be said to have “ *borne the*
 “ *whole burthen and heat of the day.*”

There is another class of persons who
 may now be spoken of as entering into
 the vineyard of Christ at a somewhat la-
 ter hour; at the age as we will suppose of
 five and twenty or thirty. These have
 idled away one precious season of life.
 Alas! also it is to be feared that during
 the heat and self confidence of youth, they
 have done much evil, as well as neglect-
 ed to do good. Perhaps it has also hap-
 pened that they have already formed some
 rash connection, and established them-
 selves on some irreligious plan; but now
 they repent; they break through all diffi-
 culties; they turn out of the path in which
 they had been setting off in life, and they
 turn in to the vineyard of Christ: they
 become humble, diligent, and useful
 Christians; for even these also give a
 good part at least of their health and
 strength to the cause of their Saviour, and
 with grief and shame at having been thus

far idle, they become fellow labourers with those happier persons already spoken of.

But let us come to a class of persons who repent somewhat later still; I mean at the age of forty or fifty. How affecting is the condition of such persons when it is well considered! they now discover that they have been all their lives living, as it were to no purpose; that the whole of these forty or fifty years has been idly thrown away, or if spent in labour that it has been mere labour in vain, for even though they may have been diligent, yet they may have been merely diligent in doing their own will and not the will of God; they have been working in their own vineyard and not in the vineyard of Christ; they have been year after year pushing their own fortune, building up their own credit, exalting their own consequence, indulging their own ease, following their own pleasure, caring about their own interest or family interest, while the great interests of the kingdom of Christ have been quite out of the question, now therefore they have to repent perhaps of the very things they had been the most proud of; they have also to resist many

sinful habits which are become as it were
 a second nature ; they have to disentangle
 themselves from a multitude of irre-
 ligious connections whose opinions have
 hitherto ruled over them ; they have to
 unteach even their own children many
 a false principle which they had taught
 them : with many a weary and painful
 step they have to measure back the whole
 ground which they have been treading
 and they have to undo, as it were, every
 thing which for fifty years they have been
 doing. When more than half of life is
 over, they have to enter upon the work
 which they were sent into the world to
 do : but at length they hire themselves
 into the vineyard of Christ, and he re-
 ceives them though it is the ninth hour
 and now they husband well their time
 and begin to be fruitful in every good
 work ; and whatever they do they do all
 to the glory of God : they perform what
 he commands, and simply because he
 commands it : they become a part of the
 church of Christ, and are numbered among
 the labourers in his vineyard.

But if the case of such as were last spe-
 ken of is affecting, what shall be said

those aged persons whom it still remains for us to describe ! Some there are (but, alas ! it is to be feared that it is the case of very few) who even at seventy, or more than seventy years old, repent and become the servants of Christ. When scarcely an hour of life remains, when the evening is closing in and "the night cometh when no man can work," then it pleases God to send his grace possibly to a few of these also, and they go for the short hour that remains into the same vineyard of Christ.

How mournful is the view which we have now to take of such an aged sinner's condition. Here is a person the whole term of whose earthly existence (one poor uncertain hour excepted) has been spent in a sinful course. Where are then the merits which he will have to plead before God ? where are his works of faith, his acts of worship, or labours of love ? Instead of these, methinks I see a thousand sins rising up each of which is sufficient to condemn him. Let us run over the woeful tale of his wicked life, and as before we thought fit to describe an eminent and distinguished Christian, so now by way of

making the difference more particularly striking let us draw the picture of one, who though no thief or murderer, and therefore not accounted one of the most abandoned of mankind, yet is lying under a load much more than ordinary guilt. Those persons indeed who feel themselves guilty of any part of the crimes we shall enumerate, should take their share of the reproof, and if they have not repented, so as to enter into the vineyard of Christ, they should remember, that though they may be criminals of a smaller size, yet they are still remaining under condemnation.

To a perverse and disobedient childhood has succeeded (as we will suppose in the case of the person we are speaking of) a wild and vitious youth, and then a proud and ambitious manhood, and after this a fretful or covetous old age. In the course of his long life many temptations have broken in upon him, and by turns he has yielded to them all. Many different situations have been filled by him, and in each, as he now sees, he has either neglected or betrayed his trust. He has been a negligent and bad father,

an unreasonable, nay, secretly also an unfaithful husband, a careless inattentive brother, a hollow, flattering and designing friend; perhaps also a mean time serving elector, and even a mischievous common acquaintance. Do you ask what has been the turn of his common conversation? instead of being pious, useful, benevolent candid and sincere, it has at one time been proud and passionate, at another vain and flourishing, at another slanderous and revengeful; now again it has been selfish, crafty and dissembling, often also daringly impious and profane, and not seldom exceedingly polluting and impure. Do you ask what have been the sinful deeds he has done? O what a dreadful variety has there been in them! At one time he has been trying to overreach his fellow trader, at another he has been endeavouring to seduce some unhappy maiden; at one time he is seen quarrelling with his neighbour; at another he falls out with one of his own family, after which he grows mad with every one around him, and at last equally mad and out of humour with himself. At one time he is buying smuggled-goods, or he is craftily underrating his house in order

that he may avoid paying his just proportion of taxes, at another he is opposing some plan of instruction for the ignorant, or of necessary relief for the poor. He has been selfish, griping and avaricious on all occasions, and what he has saved or gained by oppression and fraud he has spent on his profligacy : He has got drunk with the money which he has acquired by dishonesty, and he has paid for his debauchery at night by the sum which he has contrived in the morning to keep back from the poor. At the same time he has been turbulent, factious and complaining, always talking of what is amiss in others, and very sudden and severe in judging them, but very proud and confident of himself, disdaining even the smallest blame. Would you get into favour with him you must flatter him at every word : and you will please him best by doing it grossly and to his face, for he is quite used to praise ; he has long lived among those who look up to him as their patron, or gape at him as their principal wit, or glory in him as their chief songster, possibly as the chairman of their drinking club, and as their merry leader in debauchery.

To all these sins he adds that of being the decided enemy of every religious man. Is the Gospel preached at his very door? He stands in the front rank of its enemies: He denies its efficacy, makes a joke of its doctrines, reviles its followers, and is the avowed hinderer of its progress. Christianity indeed is against him, and therefore it is no wonder that he is against Christianity. Hence it is that the religion of every man around him, however pure and excellent, if it is but zealous and fervent, is declared without distinction to be mere hypocrisy, enthusiasm bigotry and cant.

But let us look a little also to the various *consequences* of his life of sin: here however we are again in danger of being lost in the vastness of the subject. Who can trace a thousandth part of the miseries which have arisen even from one single source, I mean from the levity and inconsideration which have made one leading feature in his character? Who can calculate the effects of all those evil principles which he has scattered at random, reaching even to distant places and generations! who can calculate the mischief

which he may have caused even in one of his light convivial hours? View the inscription on that grave stone which is now almost overgrown with thorns. Ah! 'tis the name of an old companion, an ale house friend, who once was used to sing with him in one joyful chorus "*the praises of the flowing bowl*," and who thus was encouraged in those habits of intemperance which led to that untimely grave. Let us open one other source of no less painful reflection. Behold that miserable female, once the gay partner of his guilty pleasures, whom if he has not been the first to seduce, he has at least carried on and confirmed in a life of sin, and whom he has left afterwards to sink in want, to grow loathsome through disease, and to become a nuisance to the village or the town; he has helped to ruin but not to deliver her; he has soon left her to the tender mercies of some of her own sex, as hardened as herself, among whom she has sunk, and groaned, and died. Which way then, I say, shall this aged sinner turn his eyes? Every scene, every place, every month and day of his life which he can call back to remembrance reminds him of some sin.

Shall he look to some of his more reputable actions? Alas! even when his conduct has been most creditable, his motives have been unchristian and impure. "True, I have had some character," he now says to himself, "but I have had no title to it. Men have not known me, or if a few have known me and yet praised me, they have praised me because they have wanted to carry some point of their own by pleasing me; nay, my companions have even praised me for what was evil, for the same people seem now methinks to blame me in proportion as they discern any thing in me that is good." Thus the recollection of the applauses he used to receive from these wicked men is become one aggravation of his pain.

But shall he look to his more innocent and early years? Alas! the review of his infancy only serves to remind him how naturally and how soon he went astray; how soon "he forsook the guide of his youth and forgot the covenant of His God," "choosing a way of his own devising," a way which seemed right in his own eyes," but the end thereof as he now sees would have been destruction. Thus if he looks backward all is

misery, and horror, and despair. Shall he then look forward and comfort himself by thinking how effectually he will repair all the evil he has done? But how shall he now repair it? Of those whom he has corrupted many are dead, and of the survivors very few can be found. Go then and bring these few back to God. Alas! one will mock, another will dissemble, a third will despise. Go try to reclaim even the children of thine own loins, who are all trained through thy means in an evil course. Nay, even these also will scoff at thy rebuke, and say, "Our old father is grown troublesome and peevish through age, he is turned religious only because he has just done with this life, and has got one foot in the grave."

What then, I say, can this aged sinner do to remedy the evils he has caused? he can only abhor himself for what is passed, and repent sincerely of all that he has done. See him at length abhorring himself, and "repenting in dust and ashes." See him retiring to his chamber, and, for the first time, communing seriously with his own heart. See him reviewing the whole of his past life, from

the first dawn of reason to the present hour, endeavouring to survey with exactness his thoughts words and actions, and all his most secret practices, intentions, and inclinations. See him meditating also on his numberless omissions, taking the Law of God for his Rule, and beginning for the first time, to discover what manner of Person he has been. How does he stand amazed at his own former stupidity and blindness, and hardness of heart, and how astonished also at the patience of God which has so long borne with him ! and now his heart relents, the tears of penitential sorrow begin to flow. The Lion also is changed into a Lamb, and the same Person who before might have been compared to the Woman in the Gospel, " out of whom there went Seven Devils," or to " Saul when breathing fury and slaughter," may now be likened to the Magdalen weeping at the feet of Jesus, or to Paul trembling and astonished, and crying out as he lay on the ground " Lord what wouldst thou have me to do," or to the same Paul when it was afterwards said of him " behold he prayeth !" With trembling limbs, and with a body bowed down with age behold

then this Repenting Sinner walking to that Public Worship which he had so long neglected; with weak and failing eyes he opens the Scripture; at the age of seventy he begins to inquire with child-like simplicity into the nature of the Gospel, and knowing how short his time is he makes haste to obey it. And now perhaps his old companions deride him, for as he once sneered at others who were religious, and called them all hypocrites, so he is now sneered at, and called a hypocrite in his turn: he becomes the scoff of the drunkards, and the merry jest's of the profane; and they that "Sit in the Gate make Songs of him." Now also the very sins of his youth, which had been scarcely mentioned before, are brought forward by his former favourites and friends as present evidence against him; his crimes are even aggravated, and all blazed abroad: but it is one proof of his sincerity, that even these cutting reproaches do not shake him from his purpose, nor induce him to turn back to his old companions. No; they may laugh; they may smile at what they call his pretended sanctity; but in truth he is no hypocrite.

“ The tear that drops upon his Bible is
“ sincere.”

He is disposed to doubt indeed for a time his own sincerity, for his guilt is so great, and the Blessings of the Gospel including as they do the gift of Eternal Life, appear so large in his eyes, that he cannot at once raise his hopes so high. His sincerity is proved however by his proceeding to repair, as far as he has opportunity, each evil that he has done : by his mourning over what he cannot cure, and by the determination of his mind, through the help of Divine Grace, to walk for the future in newness of life. In short he feels that if his life were prolonged a thousand years, and youth and health were restored to him, he should chuse to spend his strength and the utmost length of his days in the service of the same master and to be a Labourer in the same Vineyard.

But here methinks some objector rises up and says, “ What then shall this man
“ be accepted of God like him who has
“ been moral and orderly all his days, or
“ like the first person you mentioned ? ”

We shall now answer this objection by proceeding with the Parable.

The Jews are there represented as *murmuring against the good man of the house*, on account of his rewarding the more late and early labourers, the ancient Jews and the newly converted Gentiles, by "*giving each of them a penny, saying, these last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them to equal us who have borne the whole burthen and heat of the day. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend I do thee no wrong, didst thou not agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is and go thy way, I will give unto this last even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?*" It was no injury to the Jews that the poor Gentiles were admitted, though at a later hour, into the Church, and the Jews had therefore no right to complain; on the contrary they ought to have rejoiced at it. In like manner it can be no injury to those among us, who may have served Christ from our youth, that any poor out-cast should be admitted to the same Christian Privileges with ourselves, and we

by also ought to rejoice as the angels of God are said to do over one sinner that repenteth. Again it may be remarked, that even the first calling of the Jews arose not from any superior merit in them, but from the sovereign goodness of God; and surely therefore it was most unreasonable in those people to complain of God's extending the same mercy to the Gentiles. Much in the same manner it may be remarked, in respect to the present day, that the salvation even of the best of men arises not from any merit of their own, but merely from God's free mercy in Christ, and surely therefore one pardoned sinner among us ought not to complain of the extension of the same pardon to another.

But the Parable in the two last verses of it proceeds a step further, for it is there added by our Saviour, "*is thine eye evil because mine is good?*" which is as if he said, "What do you take offence then at my being so merciful? Does it provoke your envy to see a vile Gentile called at the eleventh hour and made equal to yourselves who profess to have been the people of God from the

beginning, and to have borne the whole burthen and heat of the day?" Some very awful words are then added, wherein it is implied, that they who were ready to make this objection, brought thereby their own religious character into suspicion, and that these very Penitents of the eleventh hour, whom they now pre-prefumed to despise, should hereafter even take place above them, for it is said, "*So the first shall be last and the last first, for many are called but few chosen.*"

There are many persons who bear the Christian name, and are called into Christ's visible church on earth, but it is only a few comparatively that are chosen, and shall enter into Heaven. Nay, it may be added, that many even of those who pass for regular Christians from their youth are no more than nominal disciples, while there are others who for a time make no pretence to religion, who at last acknowledge their wickedness and repent of it and are saved.

A certain man, said Christ on another occasion, *had two sons, and he said to the*

first, son, go work to-day in my vineyard,
and he said, I go, sir; (that is he pre-
 tended to be one of the labourers in the
 vineyard from the very first) *he went not,*
he never went into it at all either first or
last. " And he said to the second likewise,
and he answered, I go not, but afterwards
he repented and went. Now which of
these twain did the will of his father?
 Reader which of the two following per-
 sons think you is the true servant of
 Christ? he who thinks proper to call
 himself a Christian, is possibly thought
 such by those around him even from his
 birth, who has been regularly baptized,
 who also like the Jews of old has attended
 steadily on the ceremonies of religious
 worship, and perhaps has even like the
 Pharisees contrived to wash the outside
 clean, and to keep clear of gross immo-
 ralities, but is no true labourer neverthe-
 less in the vineyard of Christ, who is not
 at all like the religious person whom we
 so fully described—or he who not even
 professing for a time any regard to Christ,
 heartily repents however either at the
 third, or sixth, or ninth, or eleventh
 hour, and then goes in the manner that
 was afterwards spoken of to labour in his

vineyard? *Which I say of these twain does the will of his father?*

Many, saith our Saviour, that are first shall be last and the last first. These words appear to be a prophecy of our Judge which relates to the great day of Judgment. Then many a popular but irreligious character, many a one who has been praised to the stars in this ignorant and misjudging world, and whose supposed virtue have both deceived himself, and dazzled all around him, shall sink at once into everlasting shame and disgrace, while many a poor despised, yet repenting sinner shall come forward and receive his crown of glory. Oh! what a wonderful change in many of the appearances which we now see shall we witness on the day of judgment! Let us not fail to remark that then also many a false though flaming professor of the gospel, many a vain, forward, and conceited teacher, many a self-confident enthusiast, and many a narrow minded and fiery biggot, who has spent his life in little else than in judging and condemning others, shall be brought forward in the face of the assembled world, and shall receive

his own condemnation. Then also many
 a diffident and trembling believer and ma-
 ny a meek and lowly Christian, who has
 been labouring with little noise in some
 obscure corner of his Lord's vineyard,
 and on whom the bigots not seeing him
 among their party, have presumptuously
 dealt damnation, shall take that prize
 which has been denied to those who set
 themselves up as judges over him, and
 shall be bid to enter into the joy of his
 Lord. *So the first shall be last, and the
 last first, for many are called but few
 chosen.*

F I N I S.

THE
H O R S E R A C E ;

O R

The Pleasures of the Course.

THE horses run, the chaises fly,
What noise in every place !
Pray come, my friend and let us see
The pleasures of a race.
What numbers now are trudging on !
Observe how quick their pace ?
On foot, on horse, in chaise and coach,
All hastening to the race.
Remark how many huts and booths,
In every part we trace ;
For selling brandy, beer, and gin,
To those who see the race.
What numbers spend their money here,
And health and soul unbrace ;
And rob their families of bread,
To spend it at the race.
That gentleman, so richly dress'd,
Whose well fed horse now neighs :
His fortune spends to train and fit
His nags to win the race.
Those farmer's wives and daughters gay,
Who canter, trot, and pace ;
Have rais'd their butter, eggs, and cheese,
To dress and see the race.
That poor old wretch, who sprawling lies,
And makes such odd grimace :
She in a barrow carries fruit
To revel, fair, and race.

But by ill luck, a one-horse chair,
Which went a swinging pace.
This poor old woman overtook,
As she went to the race.
The driver saw she try'd in vain
Her barrow to replace ;
So her and barrow overset,
And press'd towards the race.
Now apples, nuts, and pears lay strew'd,
A scramble then took place,
Between the idle girls and boys,
Who came to see the race.
That boy, who, runs along so fast,
His master disobeys ;
All work and duty quite forgot,
So he can see the race.
That mother who should be at home,
Her idle turn betrays ;
With two young infants in her arms,
She goes to see the race.
The people now to yonder stands,
All flock to get a place ;
And all impatient are to see
This long expected race.
The horses start, the sport begins,
And all with rapture gaze ;
The Jockies in their party drefs,
With joy begin the race.
Each panting horse with labour strives,
The others to outpace ;
The knowing-ones begin to bet,
And wager on the race.
But how it rains ! how black the clouds !
The heavens shower down apace ;
All run and scamper, wet to skin,
Who came to see the race,
What means that crash ? what mean those screams ?

That bustle and amaze?
I fear yon crowded stand is fall'n,
The largest at the race.
Alas! 'tis so. Confusion dire
Appears in every face;
And all lament, and join to wish,
They neer had seen the race.
Now broken limbs, and bruises sad,
Are seen throughout the place;
And numbers from the stand are dragg'd,
But not to see the race.
Amidst the hurry which ensues,
A pick-pocket conveys
A farmer's watch and purse away,
Who came to see the race.
Now as they go dripping home,
What rapture to retrace,
Their time, and health, and money lost!
Such joys attend a race.
How many a harmless child is brought.
To mis'ry and disgrace,
Because the parents drink and game,
And go to every race.
Then since our time is but a span,
Our life so short a space;
'Tis better lead a sober life,
While here we run our race.
Then will our cheerful days roll on,
In sweet content and peace;
And better blessings wait us still,
When'er—WE END OUR RACE.

THE

PLOUGH-BOY'S DREAM.

I AM a plough-boy stout and strong,
As ever drove a team ;
And three years since asleep in bed
I had a dreadful dream :
And, as that dream has done me good,
I've got it put in rhyme ;
That other boys may read and sing
My dream when they have time.
Methought I drove my master's team,
With Dobbin, Ball, and Star ;
Before a stiff and handy plough,
As all my master's are :
But found the ground was bak'd so hard,
And more like brick than clay,
Could not cut my furrow clean,
Nor would my beasts obey.
The more I whipt, and lash'd, and swore
The less my cattle stirr'd ;
Dobbin laid down, and Ball, and Star
They kick'd and snorted hard :
When lo ! above me a bright youth
Did seem to hang in air,
With purple wings and golden wand,
As Angels painted are.
Give over, cruel wretch, he cry'd,
" Nor thus thy beasts abuse ;

“ Think, if the ground was not to hard,
“ Would they their work refuse ?
“ Besides I heard thee curse and swear,
“ As if dumb beasts could know
“ What all thy oaths and curses meant,
“ Or better for them go.
“ But tho’ they know not, there is One,
“ Who knows thy sins full well,
“ And what shall be thy after doom,
“ Another shall thee tell.”

No more he said, but light as air

He vanish’d from my sight ;

And with him went the sun’s bright beams,

And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roar’d from under ground,

The earth it seem’d to gape ;

Blue flames broke forth, and in those flames

A dire gigantic shape.

“ Soon shall I call thee mine,” it cry’d,

With voice so dread and deep,

That quiv’ring like an aspen leaf,

I waken’d from my sleep.

And tho’ I found it but a dream,

If left upon my mind

That dread of sin, that fear of God,

Which all should wish to find ;

For since that hour I’ve never dar’d

To use my cattle ill,

And ever fear’d to curse and swear,

And hope to do so still.

Now ponder well ye plough-boys all

The dream that I have told ;

And if it works such change in you,

’Tis worth it’s weight in gold ;

For should you think it false or true,

It matters not one pin,

If you but deeds of mercy shew,

And keep your soul from sin.